# BLIND WARRIOR AND ORPHAN BOY,

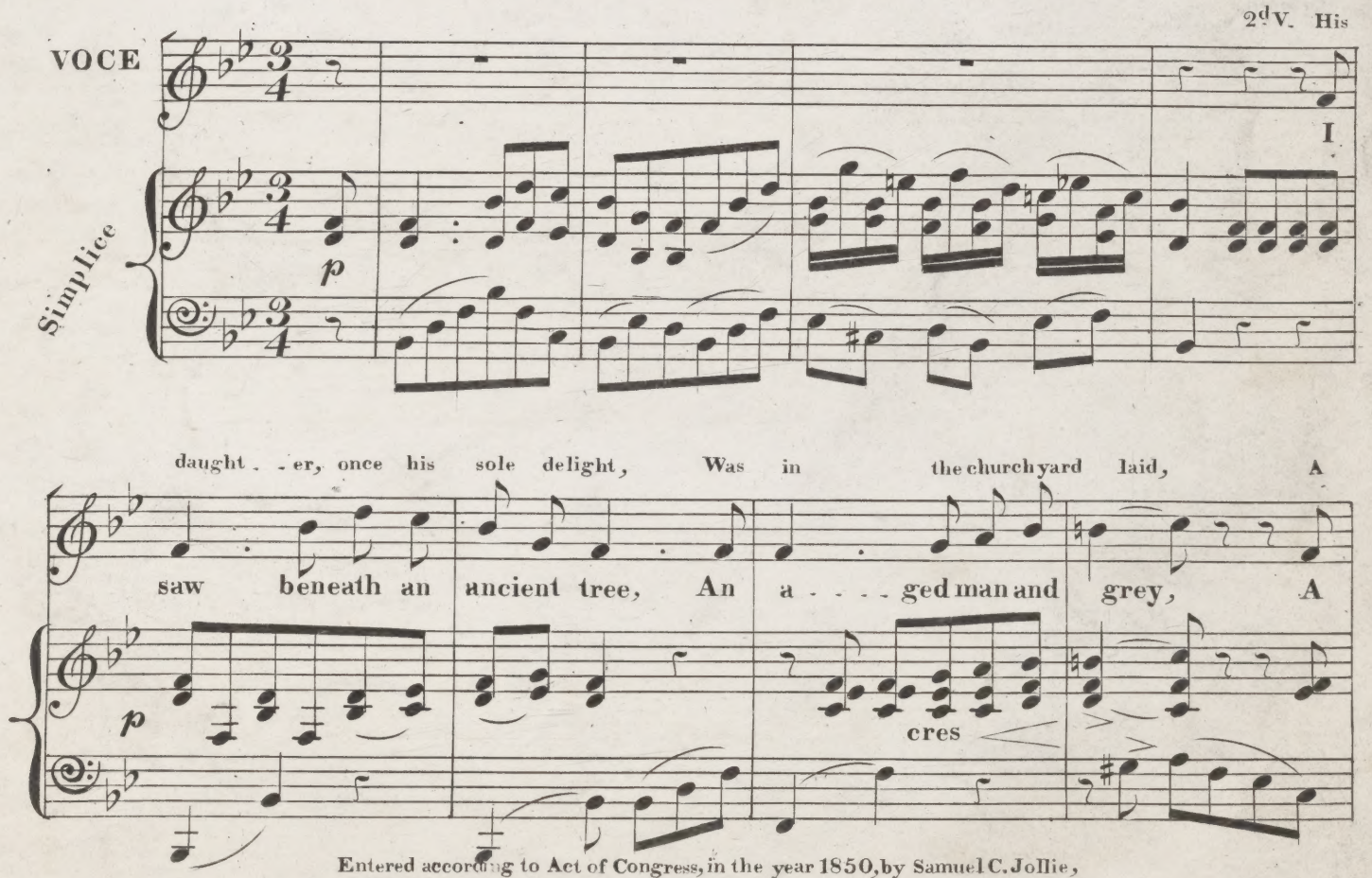
## a Favorite Ballad.

*Music by*

## JOHN HOPKINSON.

Towards the close of the Revolutionary war, the "time honored warrior" of the following stanzas, incapacitated for further service, retired upon a pension to his native village. Here a lovely daughter the only surviving solace of his age, was married to a young and promising officer, who fell on the ensanguined plains of Yorktown. The youthful and broken hearted widow, soon followed him to the silent tomb, leaving an Orphan Boy. Then the old man wept long and bitterly; his aged eyes grew dim and dry, his sight was gone forever. It was at the close of a sweet summer day, that I beheld them thus seated, an affecting picture of age and infancy.

NEW YORK, *Published by* S. C. JOLLIE. *300 Broadway.*




Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Samuel C. Jollie, in the Clerk's office of the District Court, of the Southern District of New York.

flow'r, of beauty doom'd to blight, The fairest soon - - - - est fade! Oh!

child was seated on his knee, As blithe as bloom - - - ing May; Its

bitter fell that fath - er's tear, His heart was dead to

ti - ny fing - - - - - ers fondly twin'd, That wither'd hand with

*p*

ped * ped * ped *

joy, May heav'n watch o'er his wintry years, And

joy, The old man was a warrior blind, The

bless that Or - - phan boy. May heav'n watch o'er his wintry years, And

child an Or - - - phan boy. The old man was a warrior blind, The

ad lib cres *rf* *p*

bless that Or - - phan boy.

child an Or - phan boy. I saw beneath an ancient

rall a tempo

tree, An a - - - - - ged man and grey, A

child was seated on his knee, As blithe as bloom ing May.

ad lib

Birch